

The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pittie of him:
I feare the trust *Othello* puts him in,
On some odde time of his infirmitie
Will shake this Island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis euermore his prologue to his sleepe,
He'll watch the Horologe a double Set,
If Drinke rocke not his Cradle.

Mont. It were well

The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appears in *Cassio*,
And looks not on his euills: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now *Rodorigo*?

I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

Mon. And 'tis great pittie, that the Noble Moore
Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second
With one of an ingrate infirmitie,
It were an honest Action, to say so
To the Moore.

Iago. Not I, for this faire Island,
I do loue *Cassio* well: and would do much
To cure him of this euill, But hearken what noise?

Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You Rogue: you Rascall.

Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant?

Cas. A Knaue teach me my dutie? He beate the
Knaue into a Twiggen-Bottle.

Rod. Beate me?

Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue?

Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant:

I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Cassio. Let me go (Sir)

Or Ile knocke you o're the Mazard.

Mon. Come, come: you're drunke.

Cassio. Drunke?

Iago. Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.

Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:

Helpe ho. Lieutenant. Sir *Montano*:

Helpe Masters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.

Who's that which rings the Bell? Diablo, ho:

The Towne will rise. Fie, fie Lieutenant,

You be asham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter heere?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to th'death. He dies.

Oth. Hold for your liues.

Iag. Hold ho: Lieutenant, Sir *Montano*, Gentlemen:

Haue you forgot all place of sense and dutie?

Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame.

Oth. Why how now ho? From whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our selues do that

Which Heauen hath forbid the *Ottomites*.

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawle:

He that stirs next, to carue for his owne rage,

Holds his soule light: He dies vpon his Motion.

Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle,

From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?

Honest *Iago*, that looks dead with greening,

Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?

Iago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, euen now.

In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome

Deuelling them for Bed: and then, but now:

(As if some Planet had vnwitted men)

Swords out, and tilting one at others breastes,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake

Any begining to this peeuish odde.

And would, in Action glorious, I had lost

Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How comes it (*Michaell*) you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be ciuill:

The grauitie, and fillnesse of your youth

The world hath noted. And your name is great

In mouthes of wisest Censure. What's the matter

That you vnlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night-brawler? Giue me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,

Your Officer *Iago*, can informe you,

While I spare speech which something now offends me,

Of all that I do know, nor know I ought

By me, that's said, or done amisse this night,

Vnlesse selfe-charitie be sometimes a vice,

And to defend our selues, it be a sinne

When violence assailes vs.

Oth. Now by Heauen,

My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,

And passion (hauing my best iudgement collied)

Assaies to leade the way. If I once stir,

Or do but lift this Arme, the best of you

Shall sinke in my rebuke. Giue me to know

How this foule Rout began: Who set it on,

And he that is approu'd in this offence,

Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,

Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,

Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,

To Manage priuate, and domestike Quarrell?

In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie?

'Tis monstrous: *Iago*, who began't?

Mon. If partially Affin'd, or league in office,

Thou dost deliuer more, or lesse then Truth.

Thou art no Souldier.

Iago. Touch me not so neere,

I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,

Then it should do offence to *Michaell Cassio*.

Yet I perswade my selfe, to speake the truth

Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:

Montano and my selfe being in speech,

There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,

And *Cassio* following him with determin'd Sword

To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,

Steppes in to *Cassio*, and entreates his pause:

My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue,

Least by his clamour (as it so fell out)

The Towne might fall in fright. He, (swift of foote)

Out-ran my purpose: and I return'd then rather

For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,

And *Cassio* high in oath: Which till to night

I nere might say before. When I came backe

(For this was briefe) I found them close together

At blow, and thrust, euen as againe they were

When you your selfe did part them.

More of this matter cannot I report,

But Men are Men: The best sometimes forget,

Though *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,

As men in rage strike those that with them best,

Yet surely *Cassio* I beleue receiu'd

From him that fled, some strange Indignitie,

Which patience could not passe.

Oth.

Oth. I know *Iago*

Thy honestie, and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:
Ile make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter (*Deere*)?

Oth. All's well, Sweeting:

Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,

My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:

Iago. Looke with care about the Towne,

And silence those whom this wil'd brawle distracted.

Come *Desdemona*, 'tis the Soldiers life,

To haue their Balmy slumbers wak'd with strife. *Exit.*

Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Cas. I, past all Surgery.

Iago. Marry Heauen forbid.

Cas. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I haue

lost my Reputation. I haue lost the immortall part of

my selfe, and what remains is bestiall. My Reputation,

Iago, my Reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man I had thought you had

receiued some bodily wound; there is more fence in that

then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false

imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without de-

seruing. You haue lost no Reputation at all, vnlesse you

repute your selfe such a looser. What man, there are

more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are

but now cast in his moode, (a punishment more in poli-

cie, then in malice) euen so as one would beate his of-

fencelesse dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to

him againe, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue

so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so

indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? And speake Parrot? And

squabble? Swagger? Swear? And discourse Fustian

with ones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of

Wine, if thou hast no name to be knowne by, let vs call

thee Diuell.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your

Sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a masse of things, but nothing di-

stinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that

men should put an Enemy in their mouthes, to steale a-

way their Braines? that we should with ioy, pleasure,

reuell and applause, transforme our selues into Beasts.

Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how

came you thus recouered?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkennesse, to giue

place to the diuell wrath, one vnperfectnesse, shewes me

another to make me frankly despise my selfe.

Iago. Come, you are too seuer a Moraller. As the

Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country stands

I could hartily wish this had not befallne: but since it is, as

it is, mend it for your owne good.

Cas. I will aske him for my Place againe, he shall tell

me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*,

such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sen-

sible man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh

strange! Euery inordinate cup is vnblest, and the Ingre-

diend is a diuell.

Iago.

Creature

And good

you.

Cassio.

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